

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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## ST. CLOUD—THE VETERANS' COLONY.

The Year-Old Town Established in Florida by Northern Veterans a Wonderful Success.

Contains Over 600 Buildings, With Churches, Schools, Water-Works, Electric Lights, Telephones, and Other Modern Facilities. Comrades Testify Their Delight With the Climate, Its Healthfulness, Prosperity, and Present and Future Prospects.

**Origin of the St. Cloud Colony.** The Colony at St. Cloud was established in response to thousands of urgent requests extending over many years from the veterans of the civil war who desired to get away from the long winters and the biting cold of the North to some more equable climate, where they could find relief from the disabilities and diseases developed

Cleveland, Buffalo and Chicago. All this assures to the settlers not only an extension of life and a relief from torturing disease in that wonderfully equable climate, but a source of income from a minimum of labor under good skies, which make outdoor life and labor pleasant at all seasons of the year. St. Cloud has been settled by the

those of 1894-95, and as far as can be learned a similar visitation had not occurred since 1836, nearly 60 years before. Even during the terrific cold of last winter the frost visited St. Cloud very lightly, its injury not going beyond some of the more tender fruits and vegetables. The records of the Weather Bureau for 11 years show that in 1898 the mercury touched zero for a short time, only six days; in the year 1899 for only three days; for six days in 1900; for seven days in 1901; for five days in 1902; for four days in 1903; for two days in 1904; for five days in 1905; for six days in 1906; for one day in 1907, and only once in 1908. The mercury never rose to 100 in 1898; only on one day in 1899; one day in 1900; not at all in 1901; one day in 1902, and not at all in 1903, 1905, 1906, 1907 or 1908.

Those who passed last summer there found the climate far more agreeable and temperate than their friends who were suffering in the scorching heat of the North. While the sun was quite hot in the middle of the day, yet wherever there was shade it was agreeable, and in the morning and evening there were cooling breezes from the sea, and

arrival of mails. Our start down here at St. Cloud was a picnic in comparison. We had daily trains and mails and telegraphic and telephonic connections with the whole country. We had no severe weather to combat, neither heat nor cold. The whole situation here has been a wonder—and I will say so.

"As I stand at the crossing of Massachusetts avenue and 12th street, looking east a mile, a mile, a mile, a mile, a mile, north a half mile, to the splendid lake stretching away like a great mirror, I am made to wonder. I look again up and down the streets and I see long lines of poles containing electric light and telephone wires; I see houses completed and workmen busy constructing new buildings; I see the wagons from the grocery stores; vegetable and fruit vendors; wagons with material from lumber yards; I see the boats on the lake; I see the goods just unloaded from the cars from the Northern States. And I wonder, for a year ago this was the wilderness, the home of the deer, the wild and the quail. The call of the quail is still heard, and the song of the mocking bird fills the air in melody, but the four-footed beasts of the woods have gone out where the sound of hammer and saw cannot disturb them.

"I see men and women going and coming to the bank and to church, to Sunday school, to concerts and to social calls. I hear the bug-chug of the buzz-wagon for mail and mailmen can get the best of everything. I hear the rumble of the power press in the Tribune office, busy printing a paper filled with news of the greatest colony I know anything of. And I wonder.

"I see comrades greet comrades, and I see in their faces happy and contented looks, which is a fixed purpose to do great things in this sun-kissed climate of opportunity. And I wonder. I see the well-laid foundations for a city, foundations laid in a year, by men who are renewing their youth in this land of wonders, where the sky seems nearer to us. And I wonder what our city will be a few years hence? Like a snowball rolling down hill, it is going to grow in geometrical proportions. And I want to stay here for a long time and welcome comrades to this land of the orange and vine, a land of health and comfort.

"No stormy winter enters here. 'Tis joyous Spring through the year.'"

**Vice President Mohr, of the Veterans' Association, Speaks for St. Cloud.**

Philip Mohr located in St. Cloud a year ago, coming from Orting, Wash., a northwestern corner of the Republic, to the Soldier Colony at Florida in the southeast corner of the Union, arrived during the war in Co. G, 7th N. J. In a letter to the Tribune he said:

"I located in St. Cloud on account of my health, and I am happy to say I have found things all I hoped for. The climate is right, and I have regained my health. Immediately on my arrival I examined my lot on Ohio avenue and was more than pleased, and soon had a little home ready to live in. It is a mansion, but I am alone, and I am alone, my good wife having left me five years ago for her long home. At night I leave the two doors open and sleep soundly all night without fear, and get up in the morning and do not have to cough and struggle a half hour to clear my throat, as I did when I worked part of the morning in my garden, and expect when I get used to conditions here to be able to raise about what I used to raise in the North. I have some fine grape vines and peach trees growing, and intend to put out some citrus trees this winter. I am happy to see the comrades who wish a country where there are no extremes in climate, where the heat is not oppressive, where the cold is not biting, where the throat and lungs and put rheumatic pains in the joints, that St. Cloud is the place. We are a jolly good crowd down here, and we want to have others come and enjoy the good things of life with us. If there is anywhere that the old boys can renew their youth it is in Florida.

**Secretary Kinney, of the Veterans' Association, Makes a Statement of Facts.**

Col. A. H. Kinney located in St. Cloud over a year ago with his family, wife, two daughters and one son, and their experience there has covered all that could be desired. He has been found in the communication given below. Col. Kinney is a native of Northeast, Pa., where he was born in 1845. He was a member of the 69th Regiment of prominence, who served as acting elder of the Meadville and Cleveland districts, and under whose ministrations the Soldiers' Home at Meadville, Pa., was built in St. Paul, Minn. The subject of our sketch entered the 105th Ohio as private, and was discharged as Second Lieutenant. He was in the Fourteenth Army Corps under Thomas in all of the campaigns of the Middle West; accompanied Sherman in the march to the sea, and then to the capture of Johnston, and thence to the Grand Review at Washington. After the war, in which two of his brothers also served, he came to St. Cloud, and then engaged in business enterprises in Pennsylvania and New York, and was living in Rochester in the latter State when he decided to become a member of the St. Cloud Colony. He says he has never regretted coming, and is there to stay, and will always be glad to induce others to come. The organization of the Veterans' Association, which has been the practical governing body of the Colony, he was chosen Secretary, and on the resignation of Capt. E. H. Kline was the unanimous choice of the community for Postmaster. He is also a member of the School Board, a trustee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and lives in a very comfortable home on Michigan avenue. On being asked to give his opinion of the situation in St. Cloud he prepared the following candid statement:

"There is an old saying among our people, 'Up North' that 'In order to get the value of man or country one must Summer and Winter both people and country.' If this statement be a guide, then, having not only Summer and winter in St. Cloud, but also having tasted the rare pleasures of its Springtime and Autumn as well, qualifies one for the expression of an intelligent opinion as to the merits or demerits peculiar to this locality. There is a trite proverb that 'Truth is seldom, if ever, found at extremes.' Therefore fulsome praise or extravagant condemnation are not only unwise, but defeat their own ends. The truth triumphs because the elements of success are absent. It would be the wisest chatter and an insult to the intelligence of the average person to claim for Florida or any other portion of our land absolute perfection. It is all of comparative speaking. Florida in general and St. Cloud in particular possesses many advantages unknown to

## THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

A Tribute to Gen. John Fulton Reynolds, to Whom President Lincoln Once Offered Command of the Army of the Potomac.

Editor National Tribune: I am afraid that C. B. Bishop, of the 7th Wis., in his letter published in the National Tribune of June 2, in which he goes for me because of my correction of Comrade B. H. Tripp's erroneous statement of the route of the First Corps to Gettysburg, July 1, has unconsciously picked up a hot brick. Take to heart, comrade, Josh Billings' wholesome admonition about knowing so much "that ain't so."

Comrade B. H. Tripp, also of the 7th Wis., some time ago claimed that the First Corps marched to Gettysburg on July 1, 1863, by way of the Taneytown road instead of the Emmitsburg road. The matter was of no vital importance, since a personal inquiry could not impugn an established fact. As, however, I was at the time attached to Gen. Reynolds' headquarters, and marched at the head of the column nearly up to the moment (about 11 o'clock) when the General was killed at the edge of McPherson's wood, and, moreover, being familiar with the preliminary movements of the corps covering the disputed point, I felt impelled solely in the interest of historical accuracy to correct the comrade by showing the untenable nature of his contention. The Taneytown road runs east of or behind Cemetery Ridge, a mile or more from the Emmitsburg road, all along which latter, at Marsh Creek, the First Corps was bivouacked on the night of June 30,

abilities must be regarded even at the expense of our own, when the old-time slaveholder aggressiveness in political and social life is again rampant and domineering and we old Union soldiers are practically asked to bend the knee and with uncovered head gaze reverently at the statue of the South's great god Earl, Robert E. Lee, in the National Hall of Fame.

It was such incentives as these—this invasion and its attendant atrocities—that stirred the blood of Meade's army to such deathless deeds on the field of Gettysburg, and which served to the highest tension of devotion the bodies and souls of the sons of Pennsylvania, with great Reynolds at their head. With Orderly Vail, Reynolds was alone on the field, having dispatched every one of his staff on divers quests to Meade at Taneytown, to Sickles at Bridgeport, to Howard at Emmitsburg, and to other of his officers near by to hasten forward their commands to help drive back the fast-gathering rebels. His military eye had taken in the whole panoramic scene from the tower of the Seminary, and saw that it was an ideal battlefield, with a grand holding ground for reserves or for permanent battle front in that long, rugged Cemetery Ridge, with its flanking hills to right and left. There can be no shadow of a doubt that Reynolds's prevision determined him to enforce the Titanic struggle here with the reservation of withdrawing later to the more strategic and defensible Cemetery Ridge. Reynolds more than and before any other man

Chief of Artillery, Maj.-Gen. H. J. Hunt; Wm. Swinton, author of the History of the Army of the Potomac, all give similar testimony near these points, which it would seem enough merely to name.

"Buford was not on the Chambersburg road with his three regiments of cavalry, as Comrade Bishop, 'but was away off in the field.' I made no allusion whatever to Buford's flying battery, but merely to Buford's desperate struggle on the Chambersburg road; all the same, the battery was there. Here is the record, according to Gen. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, who describes the first day's battle in the Century War Book: 'Gambie's Brigade formed on McPherson's Ridge, one section of Calef's Battery A, 2d U. S., near the left of his line, the other two across the Chambersburg pike. When Reynolds came onto the field,' Hunt continues, 'he sent Cutler with three regiments north of the railroad cut, posted the other two south of the pike and replaced Calef's Battery of Hall's 2d Me., thus relieving the cavalry.'

**Before Mercedith Arrived.** Now, that was all done before Mercedith's Brigade had come onto the ground, and if Comrade Bishop was with his regiment he would have had no cognizance of the movements of Buford or his flying battery (Calef's), since they had been relieved from the front. So in this light what can be thought of this quotation from Comrade Bishop's story:

"I was one of the boys that came up in the rear of that battery (Buford's) at about 8 a. m., and marched right thru it." Calef's Battery at that time, about 8 o'clock, was just getting into position to enfilade the Chambersburg and Harpersburg roads, by which the enemy was expected. Not a hostile shot had been fired until an hour later, when Heth's advance appeared and was confronted by Buford's skirmishers. Says Doubleday in his narrative of the first day: "After 9 a. m. the first gun was



ST. CLOUD'S NEW BRICK, CONCRETE AND IRON HOTEL—72 ROOMS.

by their arduous service. The National Tribune at last discovered and secured an ideal location. It was in the heart of genial Florida, picturesque, beautiful in scenery, free from malaria and mosquitoes, where the climate was nearly perpetual Spring, and the soil could produce an abundance of anything which grows. The records for many years show that that location is one of the healthiest parts of the United States, and the experience of the settlers at St. Cloud has abundantly confirmed this.

St. Cloud is now over one year old, and during that time some 6,000 people have visited the place and resided there, either temporarily or permanently. In all this great number there have been only 10 deaths from disease among the veterans. This is a most astonishing record, when we consider how high the death rate is among that class and the exhaustion and drain upon the system made by the removal to an entirely new country and the establishment of comfortable homes there. This record of the first year is ample assurance to the veterans that their lives will be prolonged by residence at St. Cloud.

As to the productiveness of the soil, there is even more astonishing evidence. Not only have the settlers been able to show surprising results in their developments, the more surprising because it is new soil and requires weathering before becoming properly productive, but all around them they have convincing object lessons in the great success which their neighbors have attained in raising oranges, lemons, grapefruit, figs, peaches, grapes, pineapples, bananas and all manner of garden truck. They are met everywhere by stories of phenomenal profits on small plots of land. They have an absolute monopoly which never can be

largest class of men and women, and an ideal community formed, which will not only attract every year great numbers of permanent settlers, but will bring down thousands every winter of veterans and their wives to escape the inclement weather of the North and pass their months in the agreeable society of their comrades. Strong men are busy making St. Cloud a great town. A puddle of water does not worry them. They know that rivers can be changed in their courses and lakes drained; that crops can be converted into houses and ships; that the fertility of rich land can be maintained, and that poor soils can be made fertile. They know that lightning can be taken from the air and put to human uses; that long iron arms can be made to touch the fountains of the great deeps and streams of pure water brought to the surface and distributed to the homes of the city. Weak men did not lift Chicago out of the mud, nor level down the hills of Kansas City and Seattle. Many of the men who are helping to make St. Cloud took great risks in years gone by. They bridged or swam the rivers, toiled thru the jungles, faced cannon, slept in rain and mud, and they are at St. Cloud renewing their youth and building a city.

**Location of the St. Cloud Colony.** St. Cloud is in Osceola County, Florida, 170 miles south of Jacksonville, an ocean port, and 30 miles northeast of Tampa, a Gulf port, and has direct railroad connection with both cities and the North and East. It is only 30 miles distant to the Florida East Coast Railroad, running from Jacksonville to Key West. The St. Cloud Board of Trade has taken up the question of branches to connect with both the Seaboard and East Coast lines.



THE ST. CLOUD NATIONAL BANK—The only National Bank in Osceola County

taken from them. They can get their products into market from one to three weeks earlier than those from any other part of the United States, and several great railroad lines are already doing a profitable business in transporting these products. The map shown elsewhere gives the location in relation to the country east of the Missouri River. Freight from St. Cloud can reach Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Louisville in 24 hours, and in 48 hours it can reach New York, Pittsburgh,

on the prairies of Iowa and Kansas, of hot winds in Summer, of biting winds in Winter, of drought and privations, of remoteness from markets and mails, and of things not experienced by the settlers of St. Cloud. When asked to give his opinion of the situation there he said: "A good deal of my life has been spent on the Western frontier where the beginnings of settlement were made under difficulties. We had no railroad trains, and days intervened between the

and along which it marched the next morning to the relief of Buford. To clinch his claim, Comrade Tripp circumstantially related how the corps passed thru Gettysburg to get to the front. No organization proper of the First Corps ever existed at Gettysburg until the retreat late in the afternoon. Comrade Bishop declares that "if Comrade Jepson isn't any nearer correct in his statement of what was the case than his statements make him, I should certainly conclude the case was against him." Every one of my friends who have read this personal observation, and in each instance is fortified by formal history, by the testimony of Generals and other participants of the first day's operations, as well as the War Records. "It makes me smile," he continues, "when he (Jepson) says: 'The Second Brigade (Cutler's) was the vanguard and was never commanded the Second Brigade, and it was not in the van July 1, 1863.' This sounds very much like Touché. Every schoolboy knows, the apparently Comrade Bishop does not, the history of that morning's march of the First Corps, which in brief a time was to culminate in a Thermopylae of devoted self-sacrifice, and which was also to furnish its devoted Leonidas as well as its Spartan hero. He was to withstand the Southern invaders in order to give time for Meade to concentrate his scattered army. The well-informed student of history is aware that opening fray occurred on the highlands bordering Willoughby Run and across the Chambersburg pike, nearly two miles west of Gettysburg, and that the commander of the left wing directed his march straightway to his objective, the rebel advance, by way of the Emmitsburg road. He overtook them there, when near the Codori House and while the sounds and smoke of Buford's battle were borne to us, a horseman was seen spurring furiously down the road. Reynolds divided that it was a courier from Buford, and halting the troops at once, advanced to meet him. The conference was brief, and then with a word to Gen. Wadsworth, followed by an Aid or two and his faithful Orderly, Charley Vail, the General galloped out to the Lutheran Seminary, where Buford was anxiously awaiting his chief.

"What's the matter, John?" was Reynolds's greeting, for they were old friends. "The devil's to pay," rejoined Buford, and leading the way up into the tower, the two Generals surveyed the situation.

**The Dauntless Reynolds.** It is impossible at this point to end, tho it has but a collateral bearing upon the present purpose, paying a word of tribute and of regret to the noble, cheerful and dauntless John Fulton Reynolds, the consummate soldier and unselfish patriot, who within an hour was to give up his life for his country and in the sublime effort to rid his native State of a hungry and unscrupulous horde of vandal invaders. Stories were of wholesale devastation and unregulated pillage that marked the unchecked advance of Lee's myrmidons—the confiscation of personal and household goods, of horses and other stock, or if in some instances these were paid for it was with the mockery of rebel shipplasters worth 10 cents a bushel, if that. And this was not all, for free negroes were snatched from their homes and kidnapped into Virginia or more distant Southern States and sold there as slaves. In these times of overstrained sentiment, when Southern sen-



THE DEATH OF GEN. REYNOLDS.

settled the destiny of Lee and his invasion of the North by selecting the battlefield here, and there is still living in Philadelphia a member of the General's military family, Lieut. Jos. G. Rosenberger, who was present when one of Gen. Howard's aides came for orders and heard Gen. Reynolds instruct him to tell Howard to leave one of his divisions as a reserve on Cemetery Ridge when the part of which the Eleventh Corps to the assistance of the First.

No one who knows Lieut. Rosenberger would ever question his word for an instant. It is true, however, that Gen. Howard claimed that he put Steinwehr's Division on Cemetery Hill and that he believed it put unbounded faith in him—I. e., as a General of great confidence, strategic genius. At any rate, he received a medal and the thanks of Congress for his achievement. Fifteen, perhaps 20, minutes passed after Gen. Reynolds's departure to the Seminary, and the Eleventh Corps, flying across the Codori fields, Gen. Wadsworth met him at the rail fence, there receiving his excited message, which was in substance this: "Gen. Reynolds desires you to turn your leading brigade into this field, following along the ridge at the double toward the wood (McPherson's) under. Hall's Battery will strike across to relieve Calef's guns, which are overmatched and have suffered severely. The General will meet the column and himself place the troops and guns. He wishes you, General, to hasten forward your other brigade."

**Gen. Cutler Directed the Pioneers.** Meanwhile Gen. Cutler had called his men to attention, and was directing the pioneers to level the fence for the passage of Hall's 2d Me. Battery, and for his Second Brigade—yes, Comrade Bishop, the Second Brigade of Wadsworth's Division in the van and commanded by Gen. Lysander Cutler—your brutum fulmen to the contrary notwithstanding. Not only was Cutler's men in the van, but they got the first infantry fire on the Union side that opened the battle of Gettysburg. Let this be doubted by the champion of the imaginative B. H. Tripp, the following note is quoted from the Comte de Paris's work on the civil war, Vol. 3, page 552:

"Gen. Cutler, writing, November, 1863, to the Governor of Pennsylvania, accords the honor of the opening fire to the 56th Pa., and requests that the fact be recorded in the archives of the State."

By a rather curious chance Comrade Bishop gets an upset to his claims of superior intelligence in the letter of Capt. Chas. E. Stubbs, of Hall's 2d Me. Battery, which appears in the same column of the National Tribune of June 2, with the former's astonishing tirade. Says Capt. Stubbs: "July 1 the old First Corps took the lead, with the Second Brigade, First Division, leading the corps."

An abstract of the roster of the First Corps, July 1, 1863, taken from the Official War Records: "First Division, Brig.-Gen. Jas. S. Wadsworth. \* \* \* Second Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Lysander Cutler, commanding. \* \* \* 'Cutler's Brigade is at the head of the Federal column. Reynolds leads it in person on the Cashtown road, advising Doubleday to place Mercedith's Brigade, which is following the First (Cutler's) in the left.' The Comte de Paris, Vol. 3, page 552.

Gen. Abner Doubleday, who commanded the First Corps on this day,

heard. Buford had three cannon shots fired as a signal to his skirmish line to open on the enemy, and the battle of Gettysburg began."

Now, at 8 o'clock the corps had not left camp at Marsh Creek. At 9, before coming within sight of the noise and steeples of Gettysburg, we heard Buford's three signal guns, followed by muffled skirmish firing. After an hour's fighting the cavalry leader says he began to grow anxious, fearing he couldn't hold out, when his signal officer in the cupola of the Seminary announced the head of column of the First Corps in sight. "Now we can hold on," joyfully cried Buford.

It was 10 when Reynolds met Buford. Fifteen minutes later he ordered Cutler's Brigade and Hall's Battery to the firing line. It was a good 15 minutes thereafter when the 56th Pa. delivered their first volley and it was a quarter to 11 that Doubleday says he galloped to the front and overtook the Iron Brigade just as it was going into position. It was here and at this moment that Gen. Reynolds was killed, presumably by a sharpshooter. He was mounted and partly turned about, looking back at the ground, and it was from him a few days after the battle that I got these particulars of his death.

**Maj. Vail's Devotion.** Some weeks ago the National Tribune noted Maj. Vail's demise. I knew him very well, as did all the General's military family. He was a handsome, sturdy young fellow, a member of the Pa. Reserves. He conveyed the General's body to his home at Lancaster, Pa., less than 30 miles from the place where he perished. For his devotion Vail received several handsome acknowledgments from the General's family, and thru them he obtained a Lieutenantcy in the Regular Cavalry, and later rose to distinction as an Indian fighter in New Mexico.

The First Corps deeply mourned Reynolds's loss. It never had so well-loved a commander. "Well," said Gen. Meade, when told of his fate, "he was the noblest and bravest gentleman in the army." And from his adversaries came many expressions of sincere regret. Gen. Heth, against whom he was immediately waging battle and who had himself wounded that day, testified to the respect and admiration felt on his, the Southern side, toward Reynolds, "at whose death the Nation might well mourn, and in doing so honor herself."

And it was further said of him as of an Old World hero, and it constituted a fit epitaph that "no one died with more glory than he; yet many died, and there was more glory."

I knew him, was the recipient of his kindly offers and had opportunities of observing his fine traits of character and of familiarizing myself with his unblemished career. He was one to inspire hero worship in an army youth from his gentle, kindly, yet sufficiently dignified, tho undemonstrative demeanor, his daring and perfect insensibility to danger, his impetuosity in leading his men to an attack, tho it was altogether different from the fiery recklessness of Joe Hooker; his superior military capacity, his modest, unassuming manner, in which no trace of self-consciousness or vainglory was even slightly manifest; these, with his tall, slight